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The Morgue, July 29. '79.

My dear Taylor:

Your letter - it was "long, long, long on the way" - I caught in my waiting arms last night, and made me glad. I was too busy to answer them, and am too hurried, flurried and worried with a lot of Kicksam-work to answer now, but I am going to lay my iron hand on a wriggling moment to tell you that I love you - And you needn't take my word for it, but ask Doctor Cooper. I have thought about you many, many times, and wanted you with me. You were here so short a time - I tried to express it in the little poem, but didn't half. Though I am delighted to know you heard my voice in it, at least.

Did you ever fancy yourself a fish - kind of comfortably swimming along under - say about four-inch ice, nosing around for an air-hole or something, and suddenly

have some fellow spank the butt
of a six-pound ax just above
your bump of remuneration? - Well,
that's something like the way I
felt reading that part of your letter
regarding your lecture on "Riley
the Poet" etc. That was an awful
blow to me - positively - 'cause I,
like the rest of my fellow towns-
men, "didn't think it was in me."
But God bless you for your good
words, and for the great, great
good your friendship does me.
I mustn't lose you! - Feel like
I need you, and will always.

The Tribune will be sent you
and - here! - You must contribute
to it. Will you? The Editors
know of you, and have asked
me to do the averture, and here
it is. We have the best literary
people of the state in it - Riley's
in it, and he wants you with
him, then he will be glad core-deep.
- In the meantime the galumphing
John C. Walker has just completed

a go-see for the next issue, and wants me to enclose it to the Low flat-landers, so look out! You'll see it a week before the public does, and I hope you'll love it that much more.

Soon I'll be over in Illinois. Expect to start for Effingham and Robinson in a week, or ^{two} at the farthest. Are they near you? Got to get out and raise some money, and have an affair — a chance, rather, of working up a few readings out there. Will you give me a line at once? Do you get my "Gymnastics"? If not, write me that you want 'em, and they're yours as long as I — till death!

J. A. Allen.